WAR REMINISCENCES.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Horrors of the Field of Carnage After the Fighting Has Long Since Ceased. Only those commanding corps and divisions have posts from which to survey a battlefield while the fight is on.
If the battle is furious all along the line, even the general in command may not be able to take in over half a mile in front. One may have been in a dozen battles without witnessing more than the maneuvers of a brigade. Batties usually end in withdrawal and pursuit. In either case nearly all the troops on both sides are set in motion. and so men who have been fighting all day march away and see only the dead and wounded in their front. But very few wounded are brought in by night, and the dead can wait for the sun to rise. To move about on the field at night is to take your life in your hand. There are ghouls robbing the dead who will fire upon you, and there are wounded men who will treat you as a

opened-mouthed from the darkness. It is when morning comes again that those left behind to bring in the wounded, bury the dead and collect the equipments scattered over miles of ground perhaps can see and fully realize how fierce and deadly the fighting was. The dead are not all on the battle lines. Here where the reserves were posted, a

foe. There are riderless horses gallop-

ing about, while others, maddened with

the pain of wounds, will rush at you



ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

mile in the rear, are the first of them. They have been killed by solid shot or bursting shells. They are lying in heaps, and in nearly every case the face is covered by poncho or blanket. Down this front of a mile in length we find a dead man here and there as we advance, sometimes two or three together, but there are no wounded. They were removed under fire. Half a mile in the rear of the battle line we come upon the first of the men killed by the musket fire. They were not really under fire, but acting as supports, and yet the ranks lost heavily.

It is curious to note the positions of the dead where the bodies have not been interfered with. Nine out of ten are lying broad on their backs with arms outstretched. Their feet are pointed all around the compass, but more of them lie with their heads to the east than in any other direction. The men shot in the head are lying at full length, those below the neck have one leg drawn up and their fingers are clenched. There is not on any face what you would call a look of pain or anguish and neither do you find smiles or placidity. Look into the faces of one hundred men killed in battle and you will find the same general expression, whether old or young. It is a look of surprise or fear. This look rests on the faces of men killed in their tracks, as it were. The mortallywounded man may turn on his side to die, and you may find him with a smile on his face. He has had time to breathe a prayer; to think of his wife and children and home; to realize that his hour has come.

The battle line runs across a highway, over an old cotton field, across a meadow and into the woods. The men made breastworks of rails and dirt. At one spot they had the cover of a stone wall, at another the banks of a winding creek. Here was where a brigade, without the slightest cover, rushed in to hold a gap in the line. The dead and wounded lie just as they fell-five dead to one wounded. The enemy used grape and canister from a battery planted on that ridge, and the missiles did terrible execution. Here along the breastworks the troops were lying down and fired from that position. Nearly every dead man still rests at full length on his stomach, though their faces seem half buried in the grass. Many of the musicets still rest across the breastworks. Here for three hundred feet we cannot find a wounded man. Most of the dead were struck in the face or throat.

With his back to the wall sits a dead man who probably lived an hour or two after he was hit. His knees are drawn up for a rest for his arms, and his head is thus supported. Next on his left is a captain lying on his back with his outstretched right arm still holding the sword, and that sword rests across the body of another dead man. The officer was struck fairly between the eyes by the bullet. His lips are parted as if shouting a command when death came. We hesitate for, a moment and then step over the breastworks and advance to the creek. At this spot it was midway between the combatants. Night before last friend and foe filled their canteens here, sometimes elbow to elbow, but purposely ignoring each other's presence. Here is the horror of the battlefield. We knew it would be so, but were impelled to come.

The banks of the creek are nowhere less than two feet high, in some places they are five or six. The bed of the stream is six or eight feet wide, but the flow of the water only half that, and from six inches to a foot deep. On a front of half a mile all the wounded on both sides who could creep or pull themselves along inch by inch made for this creek as fighting ceased. They reached the banks and flung themselves down. They filled the bed from bank to bank. lying three, four, or five deep. Here the civil war.

and there may be a living man, but nineteen out of twenty perished last night. They fought each other for the water, but only the first comers quenched their thirst. Before they could move away they were caught in the crush. It is a great trench, with its dead ready for the dirt to hide them, and the waters of the creek have been dammed back until they are seeking a new outlet through the cotton field. Help arrives and we walk slowly along the bank to look for wounded men. We find and extricate about twenty, none of whom will, perhaps, live the day out. All others are dead-shot, crushed, drowned-almost one thousand by the returns of the burial party. It is almost night before the creek flows on in its old bed again, but even our thirsty horses will not drink of the waters running red. They sniff at it and turn away with wild eyes and snorts of alarm. - Chicago Times.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

A short time ago Postmaster James

Interesting Incident in the Army Life of a Connecticut Man.

Bracken, of Webster, was invited out to tea, at the residence of an intimate friend. At the table were a small party of friends, and during the pleasant conversation one of the ladies stated that she was a native of Baltimore, Md., and when but a miss of ten years resided in that city, in January, 1864. The conversation was very interesting to Mr. Bracken, who was a veteran of the war, and he stated to the lady (who, by the way, made your correspondent pledge that he would not use her name) that he was a member of Company H, First Connecticut cavalry, and in the winter of 1864 and '65 was doing patrol duty in that city. It was soon dis-covered that the lady and Mr. Bracken had now met under different circumstances in this unexpected meeting in the quiet house in Webster, twentynine years after their first introduction in the secession city of Bultimore. The story is as follows:

In January, 1864, the pickets outside the city discovered a young man running the patrol, having all the appearance of a southern spy. They gave chase, but the fellow got into the city and eluded the union troops. Word was sent to Col. French of the First Connecticut cavalry, who was provost marshal of the city; and he sent out several squads to search places well known to him as being in sympathy with the south. As luck would have it, Mr. Bracken and five others were or dered to the home of Mrs. W. T. Powell, on Fulton street, a lady who ofttimes would come out of the house, stand on the doorstep, when the boys were watering their horses, and give three cheers for "Jeff Davis." Guards were stationed at the front and rear entrances to the house, while four union soldiers, one of whom was Comrade Bracken, entered the house, searching from cellar to attic for the rebel mail He was not found in the house and

was never heard or seen after in the Mr. Bracken, at this meeting the woman who, twenty-nine with years ago, was but a blushing miss, was informed that the old lady, Mrs. Powell, then a widow, and her grandmother, mistrusting that her home would be searched, put the dashing wild fellow in the bed between the straw tick and the feather bed, made the two girls-this Webster lady and her cousin, eleven years of age—un-dress and go to bed, the southern chap being beneath them, safely hidden The union boys entered the sleeping chamber, looking under the bed, into the closets, up the chimney, but no traces of their hidden man did they find. He was let out during the night, the lady said, and after having his mail from the south. thinking it was too warm, went back



"THREE CHEERS FOR JEFF DAVIS."

more to Frederick City, thence across the Potomac river into Blue Ridge mountains, through Luray valley into the rebel lines, and then by horse to Richmond, Va., where he delivered his large suck of mail matter.

This explanation of the war episode given to the comrade after so many years, coupled with the accidental meeting of the parties, proved that truth is stranger than fiction. The evening was most enjoyable to them both, for war times in Buffalo were talked of and many truths solved that the boys knew but little of.

The house of Mrs. Powell was only a few rods distant from Pratt street, where the Massachusetts Sixth volunteer infantry was attacked on April 19, 1861, by the mob of that city. This lady remembered that fatal day, though but a girl of seven years. She came north in 1875, located in Norwich, Conn., and has been a resident of Webster about seven years. During the five years of war she says the streets of Baltimore day and night were alive with bustle and hurried movements, the steady tramp of men, mingled with the vibrations of artillery wheels and the rumbling of ammunition wagons.—

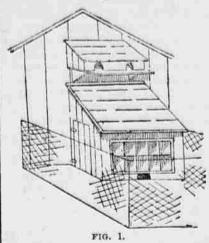
Southbridge (Conn.) Herald. THERE will soon be erected in Boston common an elaborate monument in honor of Col. Robert G. Shaw, who commanded the first colored regiment which left Boston for the front during

FARM AND GARDEN.

FOR FARMERS' BOYS.

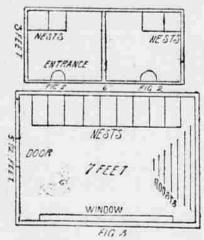
How They Can Build a Serviceable Pigeon

and Poultry Coop. I have tried to sketch a simple arangement whereby boys may be able to keep several pairs of pigeons and also a small flock of laying hens. The location should be a sheltered one, the southern exposure of a building such as a barn, pig pen or sheep stable, where the box after being constructed could



be nailed up against the building high enough away from the top of the poultry house to be sure of the pigeons not being in danger of cats or rats. Put it up 4 or 5 feet from the top of the roof of the henhouse. You can reach it by means of a ladder placed upon the roof of the henhouse, and will not inconvenience your getting up to inspect the nests of the birds within. The box should be 6 feet long by 3 feet wide by 3 feet high at the top and 2 feet at the bottom. This makes a roomy house where two pairs of breeders can be nicely accommodated. The top has a pair of hinges to enable you to raise or

Roofing paper can be tacked upon the lid so as to throw off the rain perfectly. Two pairs of pigeons will be enough to care for at first; the young ones can be put in a room not occupied in the barn



or cow shed until you find a market for them. It is best after they learn to eat and fly about to keep them away from the old birds; they do much better and do not annoy them when they are setting on eggs again. The plan is clearly shown in Fig. 2 and the coop in Figs 1 and 3. The former gives an idea of the construction, the latter the details of the interior. In order to make all the room possible on the ground floor, raise the nests up two feet from the ground in the darkest part of the coop. A window and an entrance form the front, a door on the outside-a place to enter the coop by. The length of the building is seven feet, width five and one-half feet, hight six feet at top and four feet at base, giving a good slant to the roof. Roosts, dust box, water fountain and feed trough are provided. It will accommodate five or six hens and a male, not more. Learn to handle a small flock, then you will have experience when you branch out in a larger way. -J. W. Claughrey, in Farm and Home.

THE POULTRY YARD.

THERE is to be a grand poultry and pigeon display at the world's fair, Chiago, October 16 to 28.

WHEN you have the sprayer on your eack step into the poultry house and pray it with the Bordeaux mixture. Spray roof, walls and floor thoroughly. Worms burrow deeply in a dry time. When this cheap food supply is cut off from the flock they will appreciate an occasional ration of meat or cut green

To KEEP fowls in a yard in summer on an exclusive diet of grain is inexusable cruelty. A partial diet of grass and vegetables is vastly better and

cheaper. Eggs are a better and cheaper food than pork for this hot weather. Farmers can raise the price of eggs by using more of them on their own tables and promote health at the same time.

WE do not recommend our readers to depend on a lining of tarred paper to prevent lice from harboring in a poultry house. Put the paper outside, use whitewash and kerosene inside, and dry lime or pyrethrum in nests and lice will not trouble the flock, and the house will be protected by the paper from the weather. - Farm Journal.

To Make Hog Raising Pay. I have been raising hogs for several

years, have raised a great many, and have never seen the time when they did not pay unless they die. Farmers are too easily discouraged. If they have a dozen or two hogs on hand and crops are bad they will give them away rather than try to keep them over, and the following year brings a big corn crop and they have no hogs, and rather than buy enough to feed for their meat they sell their corn from fifteen to twenty-five cents per bushel, take the proceeds from their corn and buy their meat. This is a mistaken idea of farmers. They should always try to keep hogs enough (with their other stock) to eat up their corn, as ninety-nine times out of one hundred you will get better prices for your corn, besides you have the manure or your farm. - Swineherd. at this season.

FEEDING LIVE STOCK.

Experience, There is No Doubt, Beats Theory Every Time.

A correspondent wants us to tell him how to feed ground linseed cake, and also wants to know why it is better than corn or oats. This is all reasona-ble enough, but we are reminded that it is easier to ask questions than answer them satisfactorily. There are hardly two feeders who follow the same Those who use most of it learned to use it through practice. We know one feeder who fattened a large bunch of steers on ground linseed cake and hay alone and made a great success, to the great surprise of his neighbors. He is a Scotchman and claimed to be following the method in vogue where he came from. Another feeder, who lives in Iowa, buys steers in the spring and fattens them on ground linseed cake, corn and grass, and sells them in the fall. He winters no cattle, and he claims to make money that way. These are extreme cases, and we

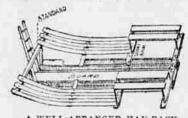
would not recommend either to a beginner.

A good authority claims that in a hundred pounds of corn eight pounds go to make muscle and bone and seventy-five pounds to make fat. In a hundred pounds of oats eight pounds go to muscle and bone and fifty-five pounds to fat. But in a hundred pounds of ground linseed cake seventy-five pounds go to muscle and bone and forty pounds to fat. These are probably, at least approximately, correct. It seems therefore, that if fat alone is wanted, corn is the best food. But if muscle and bone are wanted, then the linseed cake is far ahead. It stands to reason, then, that for young, growing animals the linseed cake is most desira-We believe, however, that a mixed ration will give the best results. It is claimed for the cake, however, that even where animals are fed for fattening, a goodly quantity of it can be fed to advantage, owing to its baving the effect of keeping the stomach in good condition and causing all food to be more readily assimilated. The fact is, the use of linseed cake in this country is yet in its infancy. No one has reduced it to a set of rules. Those who have used it most seem to be the best pleased with the results. Some mix it up in a slop or mash for pigs and others feed it dry. It does seem, too, that those who feed most of it prefer it ground pretty coarse and feed it dry either by itself or mixed with oats or corn, or both.-Prairie Farmer.

USEFUL HAY RACK.

Labor-Saving Implement Devised by an Eastern Farmer.

The cut shows a sketch of a hay rigging implement I invented last season. My neighbors all think it good. I say I invented it, as it is the first one of the kind I have ever seen. The sketch, I think, will give a very good idea of it. The one just finished is built of $2\frac{1}{2}x$ 5-inch hemlock bed sills 16 feet long for the two center ones 16 inches apart; two of the same size 10 feet 6 inches from the same fill the bolster behind; two in front of the same size 3 feet long fill the front bolster; one arm behind is 234x5 inches 8 feet long, running clear through on top across the bed sills; one in front, 1 1 x6 inches, 8 feet



long, of hard wood, is mortised to re-

eive the standards, which are 2x6 inches, 16 inches long to the shoulder, bolted between the two bed sills, the same bolts receiving the ladder. The front has a lyd-inch piece of hard

wood at each end of the short bed sills bolted on the bottom of the same and long ones also, and a 1% x5-inch piece at the fore end of the longer short bed sills and under the center arm also; one of the same size is under the short arm forward of the hind wheel 14-inch bolts which tie it strongly. The brackets which hold the boards over the hind wheels are 11 and 12 inches high and 18 inches long, and made of good old wagon tire 1% inch wide. The forward end standards I let stand back so the boards lie flat on the arm. This rigging is designed for a western built wagon. The bolsters are 3 feet 2 inches, and there is a high wheel for a low wheel; the standards and the brackets could be shortened or varied; if deeper bed sills were used, the brackets would be shorter.—J. K. Montgomery, in Rural New Yorker.

Disping Necessary to Health.

The practice of dipping sheep in the spring and fall is useful and healthful in two ways. It gets rid of the innumerable cutaneous parasites that infest the flock and weary them by their continual biting and the corsequent exhaustion by the loss of so much blood, and it is equal to a warm bath, which so refreshes the owner aired and annoyed by the constant gathering of unwholesome excretions from the skin. This excretion is enormous in the sheep. and as the yolk and grease which collect in so large a quantity on the sheep prevent the healthful perspiration which would otherwise carry off impure matter that must necessarily be got rid of to preserve the animal in good health, and as this interferes as every other unhealthful condition with the growth of the fleece, as well as with the vigor of the sheep and the pros perity of the lamb, it will pay to dip the flock, although there may be no ticks or scab to make it imperative.

Lambs That Zay Best.

Lambs that grow fast are the ones that pay, because they reach the mar-ket while prices are high. A difference of only a week in getting a lamb to a marketable weight may entail a loss of one dollar on its value. That is the best leason for using rams of the mutton breeds for producing early lambsthe lambs grow rapidly. An early lamb is wouth more than a full grown sheep

At Chicago Royal Leads All.

As the result of my tests, I find the ROYAL BAKING POWDER superior to all the others in every respect. It is entirely free from all adulteration and unwholesome impurity, and in baking it gives off a greater volume of leavening gas than any other powder. It is therefore not only the purest, but also the strongest powder with which I am acquainted.

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Prof. of Chemistry, Rush Medical College,

Consulting Chemist, Chicago Board of Health.

All other baking powders are shown by analysis to contain alum, lime or ammonia.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK. Damana and an order and and and are are are are are are

Anglomania Aunt-"But you wern't

such an idiot as to refuse a real Duke?" "O, no, indeed, I told him that I would marry him if-"Yes, dear! If what?"

"If he'd put that title on ice and go do something."-Detroit Tribune.

"Have you any tomarter's?" asked Mrs. Dimling of her grocer. "No, ma'am," replied the latter, "but I have some very nice potarters." "Keep 'em," she rejoined, viciously.—Harper's Bazar.

THE MARKETS,

NEW	YORK		
FLOUR	8 2 45	601	4 45
WHEAT-No 2 Red Winter.	- 65	14 14	08
No. 1 Northern	66	90	6614
CORN-No. 2	46	4.0	47.56
OATS-Mixed Western	1243	410	3714
DATE Western Western	. 50		
RYE-Western	. 54		56
PORK-New mess.	. 18 00	170	18.75
LARD-Prime Western	. 9 70	60	0 75
BUTTER-Western	. 15		20
CHEESE-Part skims	. 1	1644	
EGGS-Western	. 14	14/0	1534
CATTLE-Poorest to best	3 90	60	5 15
SHEEP	2 75	60h	4.50
HOGS	6 00		6.75
CLEVELANI	1	40	
FLOUR-Country XX White.	3 40	160	3.90
Minnesota patents.	4 00		4 65
Amber	2 60		3 00
THE PARTY OF THE P	. 2 00		
WHEAT-No. 2	. 1/7		58
CORN-No. 2	. 40		47
OATS-No. 2.	· 辩		36
BUTTER-Choice to fancy	. 16		2214
CHEESE-York State	. 0	1610	10
Ohlo		114 114	814
EGGS-Strictly fresh	. 14	170	15
I POTATOES - New per bbt	1.70	· GD	2 25
SEEDS-Timothy	1.0	60	2 10
Clover	7.78		7 75
HAY-Baled	9 50		
Bulk on market	19 00		17 00
CATHET IS	3.54		
CATTLE	5.5		
HOGS	20 D D	1 105	6.00
CINCINNAT	L		
FLOUR-Family. WHEAT-No. 2	2.02		2 25
WHEAT-No. 2	. 00	00	5214
LCORN	40	1 6%	41
I OATS-New	100	1 000	502
I RYE-NO 2	- 45	11450	
HOGS	4 75		
HOGSTOLEDO.		100	
WHEAT-No 2 Red Winter	285	NO.	64
CORN-No. 2	1		4134
OATES	100	10	41.72
OATSBUFFALO	10 15	194 10	31
BUFFALO	V		

BEEVES—Best 4 60 0 4 81 Fair to good 3 00 0 4 31 SHEEP—Best 4 6) 0 4 75 SHEEP - Best 37: 22 4 40

HOGS - Good to choice Yorkers 5 80 62 6 00

Packers and mediums 5 65 62 5 70 | HOGS—Good to choice Yorkers | 5 89 | 6 6 00 | Packers and mediums | 5 65 65 5 70 5 70 | 5 70 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 10 | 6 8 1

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I used August Flower for Loss of vitality and general debility. After taking two bottles I gained 69 lbs. I have sold more of your August I have sold more of your August Flower since I have been in business than any other medicine I ever kept. Mr. Peter Zinville says he was made a new man by the use of August Flower, recommended by me. I have hundreds tell me that August Flower has done them more good than any other medicine they ever took. GEORGE W. DYE, Sardis, Mason Co., Ky.

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Miss Paim is of the opinion that no lady who had any claim to modesty would regard undressed food as a dencacy.—Boston Transcript.

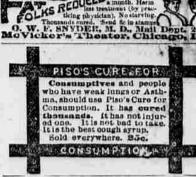
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